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of it, or he carefully chops out the root or log until the path is clear; he never leaves a rough edge.

The forest has certain little peculiarities whose marks the Indians recognize when they see one of their number come back from the hunt with a bloody eye or a mass of little cuts on his legs. There is a kind of bamboo that the Indians call *kotkŏlo* which hangs like a vine from trees and whose mark on the human body is so specific that the Indians can always tell when one of them has fallen foul of it. *Kotkŏlo* has a surface like sandpaper and a long thorn that curves slightly upward like a tiny scimitar. If you escape the thorn the surface may rasp across your face and leave a stinging welt. There is also a tall strong grass that grows in the open places the Indians love so well and that cuts like a knife. No one dares just walk through it; the feet must swing out like scythes to beat it down.

The Indians are acutely aware of their mountain forests as something with which they have to struggle and which is full of pain for them. The forest is a mass of vines and thorns that cut and trip; it is alive with insects that suck and torment; and they make no bones about saying so. They divide the forest into "clean places," those in which there are no vines, thorns, or bamboo,—they also call them "pretty places"—and "dirty places," where the tangle is so thick that it obscures the light of day.

In the winter these mountain forests are cold and nights are gray with the mist that rises from the watercourses. The temperature often drops below freezing at night, and not even the thickest clothing will keep out the cold and damp. Yet for generations the only clothing the Indians had was a knee-length netlike robe of plant fiber, worn about the waist by the women, and a closely woven shirt of the same material, reaching to the hips, worn by the men in the winter. When they began to raid the Brazilians they stole vests and blankets and it was common to see an Indian naked except for a little belt around his waist to tie up his penis—and a vest. The vest kept the torso warm while it allowed freedom of motion to the arms. The Kaingáng never do anything more with an animal skin than make soup of it, and before they had blankets and vests they simply spread a few fern fronds on the ground at night and lay down on them to sleep, pulling a net-like robe over themselves if they were so fortunate as to possess one.

On winter nights they are miserable and often get up to warm themselves by the fire. One morning in May as I warmed my aching joints by the fire and watched my breath spiral upward, Chukembégn said to me: "Last night I slept all over the place. It was so cold nobody slept." Sometimes they fall asleep sitting by the fire, their arms on their drawn-up knees, their heads sunk forward. The scarcity of blankets brings the young men together in the sleeping parties they love, when a half dozen of them,

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too, when a new-born child's ceremonial mother and father place its umbilical cord and placenta in the water, they wrap them in tapir's raw food. Throughout life's crises, wherever the threat of death is great or where the greatest stakes lie, tapir's raw food appears as a symbol to help the Kaingáng over difficult transitions.

When we review the techniques which the Kaingáng employ to cure their sick, one in particular seems in perfect harmony with what we know of the Kaingáng personality and world-view—that is the laying on of hands which accompanies every curing, no matter what additional therapeutis is utilized. This is at once a way of reassuring the sick by reawakening in them deep-rooted intuitions of security and a device for bringing the "physician" into rapport with his patient. Even herb infusions are not so constantly resorted to as the laying on of hands. The ceremony used by Thalú to cure her son is of a type well known throughout the primitive world and particularly in the Americas. The most remarkable thing about it, however, is that there should be only one such story from the Kaingáng and that it is so well known and so outstanding that it is told almost like a folktale. There has been nothing like it for a hundred years. *Thêyé* extractions also have been disappearing, for the last that the Kaingáng remember occurred fifty years ago. The disappearance of curings by singing and by extraction of *thêyé* are examples of the gradual simplification of the culture, which has been going on for centuries and of which we have abundant evidence from social organization and folklore.

The techniques of biting, spitting, blowing, and singing were obtained from the *nggiyúdn*, but the laying on of hands anyone could practice. The application of warm infusions and warm hands has nothing to do with the supernatural, except in so far as everything in the Kaingáng world is supposed to have come from the supernatural. The history of Kaingáng society has been one of long-continued disruption and of gradual reduction in the circle of security. Thus, as the human world grew more and more hostile, the supernatural, which was already alive with monsters and charged with death, began to lose the modicum of beneficence that it had had and the Kaingáng came to rely more on things they received directly from those they had known since childhood. It is significant in this connection that the last *thêyé* extraction was done just about the time of the last extermination of an extended family. The Kaingáng have not become sceptical of the supernatural, but have come to rely little on its goodness.

Hunting Practices[34]

Since the Kaingáng have placed their faith largely in the efficacy of personal contact with the supernatural and the element of rapport is rarely

[34] All that is said here regarding tapir applies equally to deer.

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missing in their dealings with it, the personal speech to the animal's *kuplêng* is almost always a feature of hunting rites, whatever other acts may be included in them. When a tapir has been killed and eaten, its windpipe (called "the tapir's heart-tube") is wrapped in vine and tapir's raw food; and before it is burnt, a short speech is addressed to the tapir's *kuplêng* in order that succeeding tapirs may stand still and allow themselves to be shot: "Look at your fine heart-bundle. I want to do the same to you—so stand looking at me!" The Kaingáng feel that when they are addressing one dead animal, they are addressing the species; for the *kuplêng* of the tapir will influence its brethren if it has been properly treated. The whole effort of the Kaingáng is directed toward pleasing the wild animals so that they will come and be killed. This technique parallels, on the one hand, that by which dead babies are induced to return to their mothers' wombs and, on the other, the treachery through which vendetta enemies are lured to their death.

There is a striking parallelism between the way in which dead children are caused to return to their parents and the way in which tapirs are prevailed on to come to the hunters. When a tapir is killed, it is set up crouching on its legs, and tapir's raw food is pounded and squeezed over its body and head, while the hunter says to it: "Look here at the nice remedy I am giving you. When I see you, stand looking at me and when I go *hii* [i.e. utter the tapir's cry] for you, listen and repeat it." When a child under twelve dies, it is placed in a grave in a sitting position (knees tucked up under chin, like a tapir's forepaws), and the very leaves and vines that are used for the tapir's "heart-tube bundle" are placed around it and an infusion of them rubbed over the child's body. "The *kuplêng* likes this and will come to the mother." In tempting the child's *kuplêng*, an offer of food is made much the same as to the temporarily wandering soul of an adult and to the *kuplêng* of dead howler monkeys. When a howler monkey has been killed, the hunter picks it up by the scruff of the neck and says in a conversational tone, directly into its face: "When the things I have planted, ripen, come and eat them. When the fruit is ripe on the trees, tell it to the howler monkeys and to the jacutingas and come with them to eat it. The fruit of the tree is good, and when you come I'll eat with you. Feel the warmth of my fire and defend me—defend me and my children." "I said this," Klendó told me, "so that it would protect me from the *aggiyúde*. When it becomes warm in my fire, it will like it and protect me." The offer of food and the promise of sharing it are amicable demonstrations similar to those which lured the ill-fated Patklé and his family to their doom.

Dogs are treated in an animistic fashion to ensure success in hunting. An infusion is made of the plants that are used for the tapir's heart-tube bundle, and this is rubbed on the dog's legs and poured into its mouth. "I

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hunter's skill. A branch from a very thorny bush is burnt and the charcoal mixed with the meat of the animal and eaten "so the hunter's arrows will cut and tear like the thorn."

The bee, since it is a thing that lives and moves, is included in the animistic conceptualization of the world. When the Kaingáng chop out a hive, they say: "Bee, produce! I chopped you out to make beer of you! Yukúi's wife died, and I am making beer of you so that I can cut his hair." Or if they find that the larvae have eaten all the honey, they take the larvae and cry: "Bee, produce! It is I! I am alive! You ate up your honey and that is why you did not produce." And they throw a stick into the hive. After they have taken the honey they rub the sugar over the outside of the tree to show how high up the new hive should extend, and as they do so they exclaim, "Bee, make your honey go up along this way and leave off here" (at the limit of the sugar). The Yukúi mentioned in the formula is an imaginary person whom they use as an excuse for taking the honey. The implication is that since the post-mourning ceremony is extremely important, Bee certainly would not begrudge honey taken under pressure of such a necessity. When a Kaingáng cries, "It is I," he implies that the bee knows him, for such a statement can be intelligible only when the speaker is known.

Behind the requests, commands, and adjurations of the hunting and honey-seeking formulae of the Kaingáng lies not a faith in the magical power of words, but a deep conviction that people will do whatever they are asked and that any reason is sufficient in this society where reasons are unimportant and needs are everything. Whoever asks the Kaingáng to work for him must understand that they are motivated not only by hope of gain but particularly by their fear of refusing. Whoever stands his ground and asserts his rights can move mountains.[28]

Divining

There is scarcely a phenomenon in nature which has not at some time an immediate bearing on the small and insecure cosmos of the Kaingáng. But the feeling that things outside of a man's own body have direct reference to it is reduceable to a conception that most such things have a *destructive* reference. On the human level, the Kaingáng partially overcome this threat by extending their bodies through physical and emotional diffusion—the symbol of security is *ka lálé nyá*, to live in someone else. But everything outside of this social personality, that is to say, members of other extended families, is destructive. In the realm of the supernatural the

[28] This compulsive obedience is at the bottom of the feud victims' attendance at feasts which they know are held solely to entrap them.